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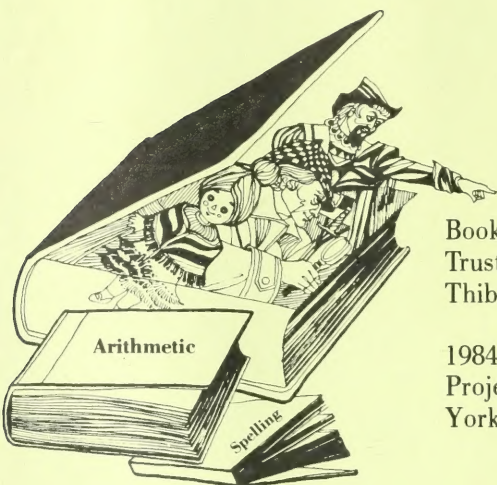
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"HE SPRANG UP FROM HIS THRONE WITH A CRY OF GRIEF AND
RAGE."

[See page 13.]



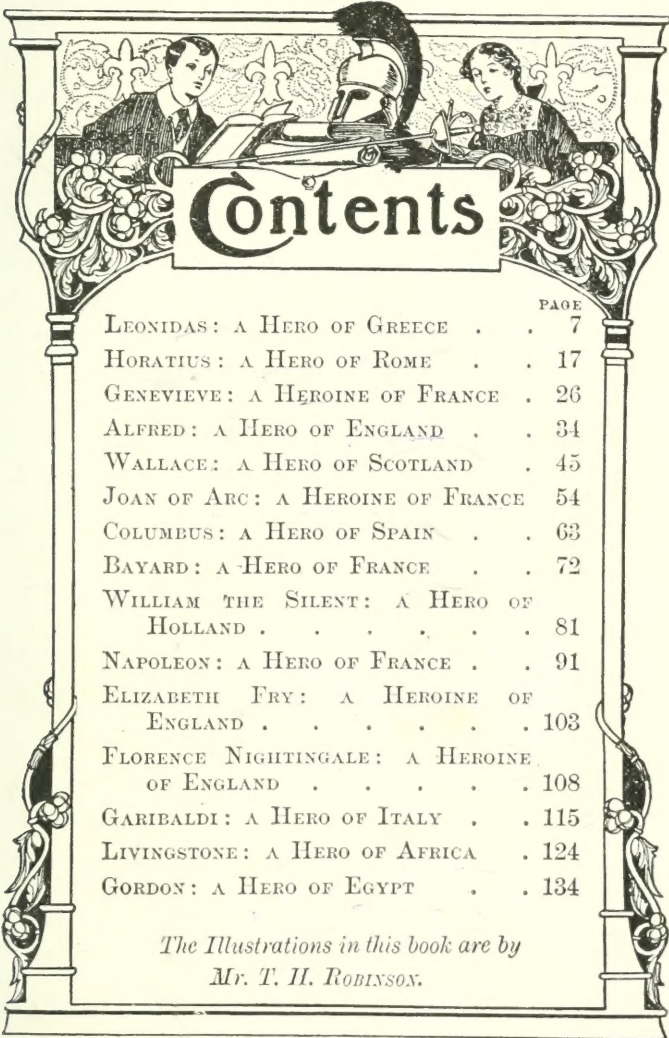
THE · OXFORD
HISTORY · READERS

BOOK II
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IN
HISTORY

BY
MRS LAURENCE BINYON

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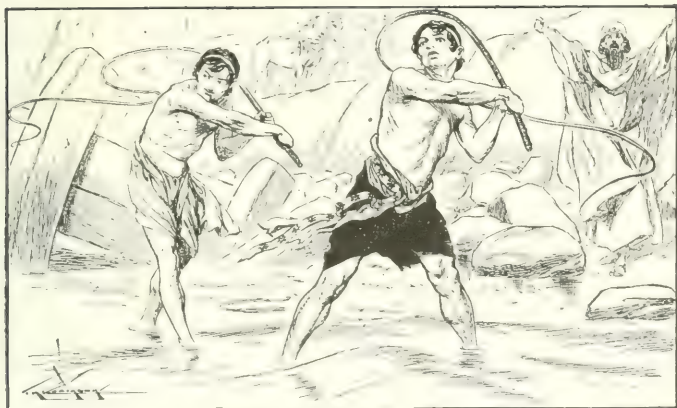


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*The Illustrations in this book are by
Mr. T. H. ROBINSON.*

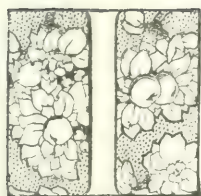
*Heroes of France &
Heroes of . . .*



Leonidas

A Hero of Greece

I



IN the beautiful country of Greece there are many mountains, and the roads between them are few. You are never very far from the sea, which winds in and out among the capes and islands.

Beside the sea, and between the mountains on the eastern coast, there is a place with a long name, which means the "Gate

of the Hot Springs." It is the Gate of Greece to those who come from the North along the coast,—the narrow gate through which every one must pass.

Here, on a day more than two thousand years ago, a little army was encamped. The soldiers had built a wall across the narrow road behind them. Over it they could look down on the coast, and the plain, and the blue sea.

They had come there to stop a great and mighty enemy from entering their country and laying it waste. This enemy was encamped below them, a vast army which filled the plain.

The small army was Greek. Most of the soldiers came from one city, called Sparta, and they were led by the Spartan King, Leonidas.

Their enemies were Persians from over the sea. They were commanded by the King of Persia, who was the greatest and richest king in the world.

You may think it strange that so great

a king, having so large and rich an empire of his own, should wish to conquer a poor little country like Greece. He wanted to be lord of the whole world.

So this greedy king gathered together an army larger than any that had ever been seen before. The soldiers were not Persians only, but men of all the nations and tribes which the Persians had conquered. He gathered a great fleet, too, of twelve hundred ships ; but he himself went with the army by land.

Now this king, though so rich and mighty, was a weak and vain man. He had had his own way so much, that he was like a spoilt child.

To reach Greece from his own country he had to cross a narrow strait ; so he had a bridge made of boats, on which his army might pass over.

But a storm broke the bridge ; and the King, in his childish anger, had the waves beaten with whips, to punish them for breaking it.



Then a second bridge was made, and the great army poured across it, and marched for many miles. At last they came to the entrance into Greece, and found the little army of Leonidas waiting for them in the narrow pass.

The King would not believe that so few men would dare to resist him, and for four days he did nothing, expecting them to go away.

II

The Greeks looked down from the wall on the Persian camp, and saw all the strange men brought to fight against them.

There were black men dressed in leopard-skins, and armed with clubs or spears tipped with gazelles' horns. There were other dark men who had only spears of pointed wood, and fair men with wooden hats on their heads, and only knives to fight with.

But besides all these half-savage tribes there were many thousands of brave Persians, brown, handsome men, splendid fighters, who nearly always won their battles.

The men of Sparta knew what great danger they stood in, being so few against so mighty a host. But while they waited for the fight, they took part in sports and games, or combed their long hair, as they always did for great festivals.

The Persian King sent a spy, who told him what the Greeks were doing. He was much surprised, and could hardly believe their news.

He had a throne built for himself; and on the fifth day he sat on it, and watched his army go forward to the attack. Bravely the soldiers went against the Greeks, and soon were fighting hand to hand.

But the Spartans were fighting for their own country and their freedom. Though they were few, there was no room for numbers in that narrow place; and their spears were longer, and their shields broader and heavier, than those of the enemy.

So on the Persian side rank after rank went down, and many were killed, while the Greeks had scarcely lost a man.

All day the great fight went on, and all the next day too. The best men of the Persian army were sent up, but met with the same fate. Three times, as the King

watched them falling, one after another, he sprang up from his throne, with a cry of grief and rage.

So it seemed as if the Greeks would win, and the great Persian host be forced to go back in shame.

But at night there came a traitor from the Greeks. He told the Persian King of a mountain path among the woods, little known, by which the Persians could get behind the Greeks, and cut them off from their mountains.

In the darkness of that night part of the Persian army marched along a river bank, and up among the woods. Early in the morning they showered arrows on the band of Greeks who were defending the mountain path, and drove them away.

The news was brought to Leonidas. There was yet time to hasten back in safety before the enemy came, and Leonidas sent back all but his own Spartans. He stayed himself with three

hundred men, and a few from other cities who chose to stay with him.

He remembered an old saying, "Either Sparta or a Spartan King will fall"; and he would not choose that it should be Sparta. Every Spartan, going into battle, vowed to conquer or to die. So, though death was certain, he remained gladly.

As the sun rose higher, the Greeks no longer remained in the pass, defending it, but rushed forward to attack the Persians. So fiercely they fought that the enemy were driven back, and many were crushed and trodden down by their own numbers, or forced into the sea or the marshes.

But the Spartans were dying one by one. At last all their spears were broken, and they had only their swords. Then their swords were broken, and they had only their daggers. Even when they had only their hands to fight with, they still fought on.

In the hottest of the struggle Leonidas fell. There was a terrible fight over his



“So fiercely they fought that the enemy were driven back.”

body; but the little band of Spartans, all that were left of his three hundred, closed round it, and carried it off behind the wall.

Now the Persians, who had been sent round by night over the mountains, had come through the pass from behind. So the Spartans were hemmed in, and, fighting bravely to the end, all died.

When the war was over, and the Persians had been driven out of Greece, a great marble lion was set up in the place where Leonidas had fallen, and under it these words were carved :

Go tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.



Horatius

A Hero of Rome

I



HERE reigned once in Rome a king called Tarquin, who had won his kingdom by force, and kept it by fear, and who was hated by all the people. His sons were hated even more than he ; for they did many wicked things, and cared only for their own pleasure.

At last the younger son, Sextus, did such a dreadful wrong to a Roman lady that she killed herself. Her husband called all his friends together, and they chased away the king and his sons, and set up new rulers in Rome.

The people who lived in the country round Rome did not love the Romans, and were always ready to find an excuse

to quarrel with them. So King Tarquin easily found some one willing to help him.

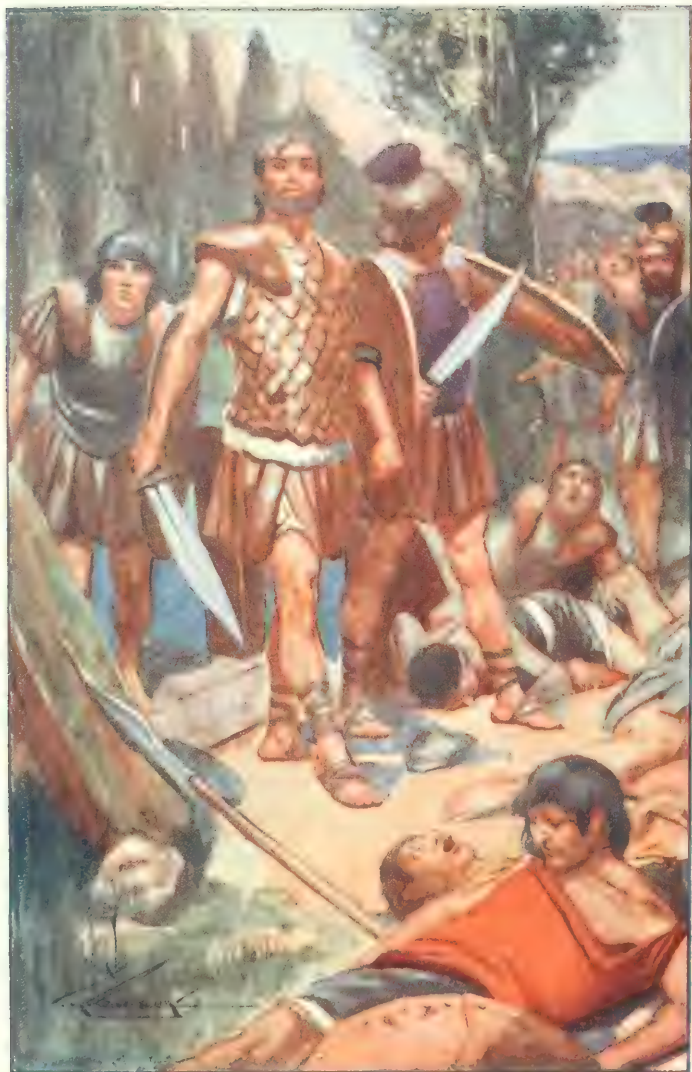
A king named Porsenna vowed at once that he and his army would march on Rome, and make the people take back their king.

The Romans had chosen their wisest men to rule them, and to make good laws. These men were sitting one day, talking about how they might best defend Rome, if the enemy came against her.

Suddenly the door was flung open, and in burst a breathless messenger. "To arms!" he cried, "to arms! Porsenna is here. He has taken the fort; he is close to the city."

Out rushed the wise men, as swiftly as possible, down to the river Tiber, which flowed between the city and the enemy's army. There was one way only in which it could be crossed; and that was by a narrow wooden bridge.

If once the enemy could win the bridge, and enter the city, the Romans would



"WHO WILL COME NEXT TO TAKE WHAT WE ROMANS HAVE TO GIVE?"

See page 22.

certainly be beaten ; for they were not ready, and were far fewer in number than their foes.

Everything depended, then, on breaking down the bridge in time. So they caught up axes, hatchets, and crowbars, and hurried to destroy it.

But breaking the bridge must take much time, however hard they worked. They had cut down but little of the timber when some one called out, "See ! There come the enemy !" There they were indeed ; so near, that they would get to the bridge before it was half broken down.

Now the bridge over the rushing yellow river was a long one, for the river was wide ; but it was not like our bridges over the Thames, where carts and carriages can pass each other. It was quite narrow. To cross it, the enemy would have had to walk not more than three abreast.

One of the Romans working there, a

brave man called Horatius, saw a chance of doing something to save the city. He called out to the leaders : “ Break down the bridge as quickly as you can ; for if two more men will stand by my side, and help me, we three can keep the enemy back till the bridge is ready to fall.”

Two more men sprang forward at once. When the enemy came to the bridge, and were stepping on to it, there in front of them stood three men with drawn swords in their hands, barring the way. So there was no room, in the narrow way, for more than three soldiers to come at them together.

II

At first the enemy laughed. It seemed silly that three men should try to stop thousands. Then three of their bravest champions came out from the ranks at once, and rushed up to the bridge. But the Roman three stood firm ; and each

killed his man. The next three who attacked them fell in the same way.

Then a warrior called Astur came proudly against Horatius. He was a big man, and a famous fighter; and he wounded Horatius in the side. At this all his own side gave a great cheer. But Horatius sprang at him, and drove his sword right through him; and he fell dead on the other dead men.

Then the enemy cheered no more. They did not know what next to do, and stood there, some crying, "Let us go on!" and others, "Back!" But the Three on the bridge called out to them, "You see how warm a welcome we have for strangers here! Who will comè next to take what we Romans have to give?"

One man now stood forth, then paused; and the sun flashed on his princely armour. Between the two hosts he stood; and when the people on the farther bank saw who it was, they gave one loud shout of loathing and fury.



For this was Sextus, whom they all knew, and whom even the little children had been taught to hate.

Horatius tried to taunt him into coming on. "Over the bridge," he cried, "is your way home!" Three times Sextus started to come; and three times he dared not face the brave Three. At last he turned and ran away, to hide himself in the enemy's ranks. Even his friends among them were ashamed of the coward.

But all this fighting had taken time ; and all that time the Romans on the other side had been hammering and cutting at the beams that held up the bridge. Now it was almost down. They called to the Three to come.

Two of them turned at once, and ran quickly back. But Horatius was too slow. Before he had started, the bridge fell with a great crash into the river. There he stood quite alone, with the great river between him and help.

Some of the enemy wanted to rush on him and kill him ; but Porsenna, who admired him because he too was a brave man, begged him to yield and be their prisoner. Horatius would not yield. He turned his back on them all, looked over the river to Rome, and, jumping into the river, tried to swim across.

He had all his heavy armour on, and was faint with his wounds. The Romans watched in terrible fear lest he should be drowned in the rushing water. But

at last he struggled to the shore ; and all the people rushed at him with a great shout, to thank him for saving them and Rome.

For he had saved Rome. Porsenna thought it was vain to war with a people which had men so brave as Horatius to fight for them. So he made peace, and went away.

The Romans made a statue of Horatius, and set it up in one of their squares. Underneath in gold letters they wrote the story of how he kept the bridge.





Adapted from the picture by Puvis de Chavannes in the Pantheon.

Genevieve

A Heroine of France

I



WHEN I was in Paris, I went to a building called the Pantheon, where the French bury their great men. It is full of pictures painted on the walls, and there was one picture which I think you would like.

It is a picture of a field with flowers growing in it, and big trees. A little way back there are some houses; farther off a little town with a wall round it; and in front there is a crowd of people.

Some are standing, and some kneeling. Some of the women have their children by them. One mother is holding up her little round fat baby, and a little girl is carrying her baby sister, and leading up the next biggest child.

There is a lame man with a stick, trying to hurry, and a poor sick man whose friends are carrying him out of the house. The fishermen have come in their boat, and the thatchers by the half-built house have stopped working.

Why do you think they have all come together? It is because two great bishops, who lived a long way off, have made a journey in their carriage through the village, and have stopped there that one of them may preach a sermon in the open air to the people.

While he was preaching he noticed a little girl, who was sitting quite quietly listening, and being very good and very attentive. When he had done his sermon, he called her to him, and asked her name. She said she was called Genevieve, and that she was seven years old.

Then the bishop blessed her, and gave her a little medal made of copper, with a cross on it, to wear round her neck.

In the middle of the picture is little Genevieve, looking up at the bishop, who has put his hand on her head. He was a very good man, and he saw that the child was good too, and that she might grow up to be a very holy woman.

When the bishop had gone away, Genevieve did not forget what he had said to her. She grew up at home, spending her time in prayer and in praise of God, and in being very kind to every one.

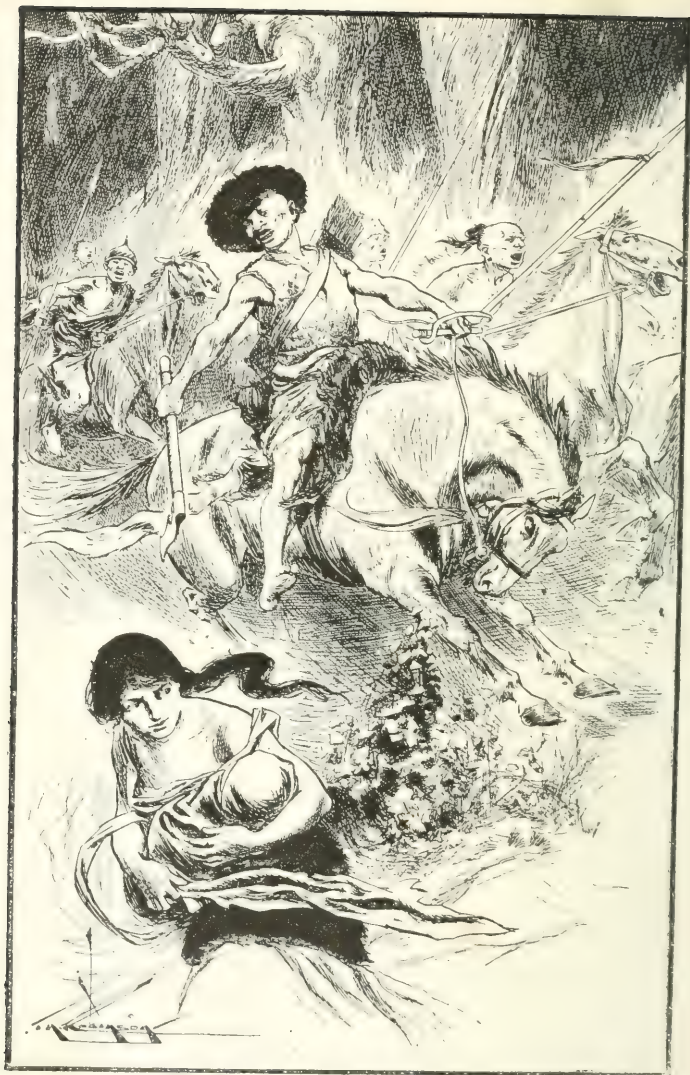
Her home was near Paris, and very often she went to stay in Paris with her

godmother. Wherever she was, she tried to teach people to believe in Christ and to be good. The French were not all Christians then; and there were many things she could teach them, not only by words, but by the example of her good life.

II

Then there came days of great trouble. A people called Huns appeared in Europe, under their famous chief Attila. They were an Eastern people, short and broad, and very fierce and strong. They had no settled home, but rode through every land, killing, destroying and plundering every one.

The very sight of them frightened the people in France and Italy, who had grown used to a peaceful life; and they were so cruel that no mercy could be hoped for from them. It was believed that Attila could not be beaten, so you can think how frightened the people of Paris were when news came that he had



"They rode through every land, killing, destroying and plundering every one."

crossed the river Rhine, and was marching against them.

The city had no walls to defend it, and no regular army to fight for it. The people, in their fear, thought that the only thing they could do was to fly from the city, with their families and the things they valued most, before Attila could come near. So nothing would be left for him to destroy except the buildings.

But Genevieve believed that God would not let Attila hurt them. She went out into the streets, and told the people that in a vision she had seen him stopped from hurting Paris.

She begged them not to go away, for they were safer where they were; and she commanded the men to be brave, and to arm themselves and get ready to defend the city. It was better, she said, to be killed fighting nobly against the Huns, than to die of starvation and misery when running away.

She filled them with hope and courage,

and they went back quietly to their homes. The women grew brave too, and no longer made the men afraid by their tears and their terror; but they knelt with Genevieve, and prayed that the city might be saved.

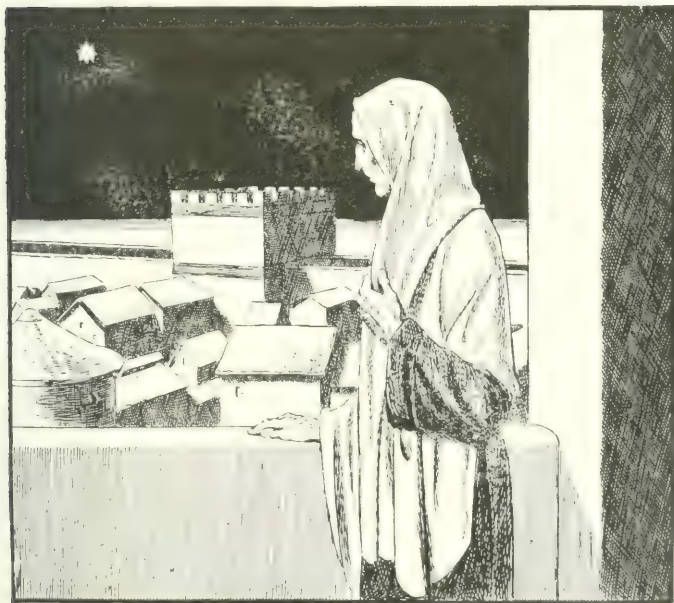
It was saved. Attila suddenly turned aside, and did not come to Paris. No one knew why he should have done this; and the people believed that God had listened to Genevieve, and that the holy woman's prayers had been their protection.

All her life afterwards they honoured her very much, and when she died she was made the patron saint of Paris.

The Pantheon, where I saw her picture, was meant, when they began to build it, to be the church of St. Genevieve. When they changed it into a burial-place for the great men of France, they put pictures of her there, as one of the first and greatest of the French.

The last picture of her shows you the

little old city of Paris at night, when all the people are lying asleep. The towers and roofs look white in the moonlight, and it is very peaceful and quiet. Only on a tower, looking down over Paris, St. Genevieve, a very old woman, is awake, watching, and praying God to keep the people she loves so well.



Adapted from the picture by Puvis de Chavannes in the Pantheon.



Alfred

A Hero of England

I



ONCE, a long time ago, a Saxon lady, the wife of a king, was sitting in her room with a book.

It was a very beautiful book, not printed as books are now, but hand-written by men who thought a page

ought to be a beautiful thing in itself, and who had taken great pleasure in their work.

It was a book of poems; I dare say there were pictures in it; certainly the first letter of the book was very large, and painted with blue and crimson and gold.

The lady showed the book to her young sons, and they admired it very much. Then she said: "If you like the book, I will give it to whichever of you can read me the poems first."

The elder boys were not eager to face the task. Learning to read meant giving up a great deal of time; and there were so many pleasant things to be done out of doors.

But the youngest boy was very eager to have such a thing for his own; and he took the book to his tutor, and begged him to read the poems aloud to him, and to help him. He worked so hard that very soon he was able to come back to

his mother, to read the book through to her, and carry off his prize.

The boy's name was Alfred ; and later on he became King. He was twelve years old when he learnt to read ; which seems very late to us now, but in those days very few people learnt to read at all. There were not many books, as they all had to be written by hand, and it was much easier to do without them.

* Alfred always cared for reading. He used to carry a little book about with him, and write in it anything people told him which he liked. When all his battles were over, and he had won peace for England, he wrote books himself.

I have just spoken of Alfred's battles. You must know that in his time England was not a peaceful country, as she is now. People called Danes often came over the sea to our coasts, and Englishmen had to fight very hard to save their homes from being robbed and burnt.

Alfred's grandfather and father, both



"WHEN THE WOMAN CAME BACK, HE FOUND THAT HER CARDS WERE
GONE."

See page 40.

Kings of England, fought many battles against the Danes. When Alfred himself was three years old, the Danes sailed up the Thames right up to London, which they plundered and laid in ruins.

Next year, when Alfred was four, his father sent him to Italy to the Pope at Rome. I suppose he went on horseback, carried on the saddle in front of the servant who had charge of him, through France and over the mountains into Italy.

It must have taken a long time to go so far—a thousand miles, a very long journey for so small a boy. Alfred must have seen many strange things on the way, before he came to Rome, and in the great city of Rome itself.

He stayed with the Pope for three years; then his father came out to Rome, and brought him back to England.

His father died before Alfred was grown up.

II

Alfred lived quietly in England, while his three brothers one after another became King; but in the reign of the youngest, Ethelred, the Danes began to make more and more fierce attacks on England.

In one great battle Ethelred was killed. Then Alfred became King. But nearly all his kingdom was in the hands of the Danes. He fought nine battles that year, and then made peace with the Danes; and for four years there was no more fighting.

Then suddenly in the winter great bands of Danes swept over all the country. The English could not stand up against them, but fled. Alfred and a few men had to hide in the marshes, and wait till it should be spring, and his men should come back to him.

Once he was obliged to hide in the cottage of a man who kept pigs. Though

the man knew that his guest was the king, his wife was not told.

As Alfred sat in the dirty cottage, mending his bow and arrows, the woman went about her business in the house. She had many things to do, and saw no reason why he should not help her. So she told him to watch the cakes that she had put to bake on the hearthstone, and turn them when it was time.

But Alfred was thinking of the Danes, and planning how he should meet them ; and when the woman came back, she found that her cakes were burnt. So she cried out in a rage that he would be ready enough to eat the hot cakes, though he was too stupid to save them from being burnt.

Once, too, he dressed himself as a harper, and went to the Danish camp among all his enemies. At their feasts they liked to listen to music ; and Alfred stayed among them, hearing what they said to each other, and learning their plans.



After Easter Alfred's men all came back to him, and he fought a battle on the Wiltshire hills, and there defeated the Danes once and for all.

Their King Guthrum sent to make terms of peace with Alfred. He promised, if he were allowed to keep the lands to the East of England, to withdraw from the rest and not let his troops invade it.

III

Then Alfred set to work to make his kingdom safe. He began by making the towns stronger, building walls and ramparts, and replacing the wooden houses, which had been burnt, with new houses of stone. He rebuilt London, which was in ruins.

Then he made our first fleet. He felt that we islanders must meet our enemies at sea, and fight them there before they could land in England. So he built ships after the pattern of the Danish ones, open boats with twenty or thirty oars to a boat.

Later on, he made others, much bigger, twice as high and twice as long, with sixty oars or more; and he taught Englishmen to be sailors.

He made wise laws, too, and took trouble that children should be taught better than they had been. He founded many schools; and he used to go and listen, when his own children were taught.

One thing he did which will amuse you. He was such a busy man, that he liked to plan out what he should do at every hour of the day, so as to lose no time. There were no clocks or watches then; but he would light a candle, see how much of it was burnt in an hour, and paint a ring round it at the end.

So his candles were painted with a ring for every hour; and he could tell, by looking at them, how much time he had to work in.

Can you guess what went wrong? Some one opened a door, or the wind came in through a window or a crack; and then the candle burnt down to the ring in much less time than an hour.

So Alfred invented a lantern, with very thin pieces of horn in the sides. In that, safe from draughts, his candle would burn steadily, and keep time for him.

Though he did so much in his life, he was never a strong man. He was often ill, and had great pain to bear; but he

never let it stop him from doing the things that were his duty. He wrote in one of his books :

“This will I truly say, that as long as I have lived I have striven to live worthily, and after my life to leave to the men that come after me a remembering of me in good works.”

We do remember him as a very great and wise king, and as a good man.



Wallace

A Hero of Scotland

I



ENGLAND and Scotland are one country now. If you cross the Border between them, you will find hardly any difference. The people are much the same on both sides, and are very friendly. But at one time they were bitter enemies, and often at war.

In Westminster Abbey you can see the chair in which our English kings sit at their coronation. Under the chair, making part of it, is a great stone. This stone was brought from Scotland many years ago.

The old kings of Scotland were all crowned seated on it, and King Edward I brought it to London to show the English and the Scots that he called himself King of Scotland.

Here is the story of how he tried to take the country, and how the Scots fought to drive him out.

When Alexander III, King of Scotland, died, he left no child to succeed him, but only one little grand-daughter, Margaret. She was called the Maid of Norway, because her father was King of Norway.

The Scots sent a ship over the sea to fetch her to be their queen ; but on the way she died, and there was no one left who had any real right to rule over Scotland.

Edward I had wanted to marry Margaret to his son Edward, so that they might rule together over England and Scotland. When her death stopped this plan he still wanted to keep the power over Scotland. So when the Scottish lords asked him, as a wise prince, to choose from King Alexander's cousins one to be their king, he chose a man called John Baliol.

But Edward wanted John Baliol to

own him as lord. He also wanted three of the chief castles of Scotland to be given up to him. When Baliol would not do this, Edward marched with a great army into Scotland, defeated the Scots in a battle near Dunbar, and stopped Baliol from being king.

Englishmen were left in Scotland to govern the country. They governed cruelly, making the people pay large taxes, and letting the English soldiers, who were put in the towns, ill-treat and rob the poor.

The Scots hated the English more and more, and longed for some one to come and lead them to fight, and free their country. At last the leader was found.

His name was William Wallace. He was a very brave soldier, and a tall, strong, handsome man, and he hated King Edward and all the English. There is no wonder, when we think of what he suffered.

One day, when he was quite young, he

went out by himself fishing. As he was going home with his basket full, he met some English soldiers. They wanted to take his fish, and Wallace let them have some.

Then they said they must have the whole basketful. He refused. A soldier snatched the basket, and another one struck him. Wallace had nothing but his fishing rod to fight with; but he struck the thief so hard with the butt end of it that he fell dead at his feet. Then, catching up the dead man's sword, he fought bravely till the others fled from him.

Of course, after this, it was not safe for him to stay at home. He had to go away and hide. Several times he fought with Englishmen, sometimes alone against several; and he came to be well known as their enemy, and as a very brave man.



“Then, catching up the dead man’s sword, he fought bravely.”

II

Wallace was some years older when a terrible thing happened to him.

He was living in the town of Lanark, with the young wife whom he had just married. As he was walking one day in the street, an Englishman came up to him, and cried out that no Scot ought to wear such a gay dress as he was wearing, or to carry so fine a dagger. The Scots, said the man, were a conquered race, and should not try to look like their masters the English.

Wallace drew his dagger and killed the Englishman. Other Englishmen attacked him, and he retreated, fighting as he went, into his house. His wife barred the door against the soldiers, and kept them out while he escaped at the back and fled from the town. The Governor, when he could not make Wallace a prisoner, burnt his house, and killed his wife.

Wallace could never forgive this. He gathered together a body of men who hated the English as he did, and had suffered wrongs from them as he had done. They lived in the woods, coming out whenever they had a chance to attack a body of their enemies.

One night Wallace came back to Lanark, and going to the Governor's room, where he lay in bed, he woke and killed his wife's murderer with his own hand.

As his fame spread, more and more men joined him, till he had an army, and could march against the English at Stirling. There they fought on the banks of the river Forth. Wallace won the battle, and chased the English back into their own country. Wallace was then made Governor of Scotland and General of the army.

King Edward had been away all this time over the sea. When the news was brought him, how his soldiers had been



driven out by the Scots, he came back, and in great haste and anger marched north against them. A battle was fought at Falkirk.

The Scottish spearmen stood in squares, one row behind another, the spears in each row topping those in the row in front. The English horsemen tried in vain to break through the wood of spears. But the English arrows killed many men, and the Scottish horsemen fled from the

battle, so that in the end the English won.

The Scots fought again in other places, but always the English were too many and too strong for them. Little by little King Edward won back all the country. Wallace would never give in, or say that Edward was his king; but after seven years he was taken prisoner and brought to London. There they cut off his head.

Perhaps King Edward thought that by killing Wallace he would frighten the Scots and make them give in; but he was wrong. Brave Wallace's death seemed to give new courage to the people, and to call up fresh leaders, so that they won the freedom which William Wallace had taught them to care for.

To-day, when Scots and English are friends, the former are very proud that they were never really beaten, and they hold in high honour the name of their hero, William Wallace.

Joan of Arc

A Heroine of France

I



JOAN of Arc was a great soldier, though she was a young girl. It seems very wonderful to think of a village girl putting on man's armour and riding to battle, and of great generals doing as she commanded. But it is quite true; it all really happened: and when she led, the French won the battle; while before she came, they could not succeed.

Joan lived in France five hundred years ago. Her father was a farmer in a little country village, and she was brought up there among her brothers and sisters.

It was a very quiet life; she learnt to sew and spin from her mother, who would tell the children stories from the Bible, or from lives of the Saints. The only

real trouble they even heard of were the stories that came from far away, of the fierce fights between the French and the English.

Our King Henry the Fifth, after he had won a great battle, had married the daughter of the poor mad French King, and claimed to be King of France. A powerful lord, the Duke of Burgundy, helped him, so that when the French king died his eldest son was not crowned in his place.

One summer day when Joan was thirteen, she was sitting sewing in the garden. Suddenly between her and the church there shone a great light, and out of it came a voice speaking to her.

The voice brought her no wonderful message. It only said "Joan, be good!" There was nothing for her to do, then, except what the other children in the village would be told by their mothers—try to be good.

She did try to be good, and the voice



"WHEN SHE HAD HEARD IT THREE TIMES, SHE KNEW IT WAS THE
VOICE OF AN ANGEL."

came to her again many times. She said afterwards that it seemed to her a noble voice, and that she believed it came from God. When she had heard it three times, she knew it was no earthly voice, but the voice of an angel.

Then the voice told her what she must do. She was to leave her home, and go to the Dauphin—that was the title of the eldest son of a French king—and tell him she had been sent by God to deliver France from the English. She was to take him to be crowned in the great church of Rheims, where all the kings of France were crowned.

Joan was a village girl, and had never seen the Dauphin. She could not even read or write; but she was sure that God meant her to obey the voices, and she did what they told her without doubting, even though at first no one would believe her.

She went to a town not far away, and asked the captain there to send her to the Dauphin. He would not attend to her

for some time ; but when at last he heard what she had to say, he allowed her to go, and sent men with her.

The people of the town gave her a horse, and she put on man's clothes, and rode to find the Dauphin. It was a dangerous journey, for there were bands of rough soldiers all over the country ; but when Joan was asked if she was not afraid, she said, "I was born for this."

The Dauphin, who had heard of her, sent for her to come and see him among his court. When she came in, he stood aside and would not make himself known, letting one of his nobles take the chief place.

But she went straight past the sham Prince to the true one, and knelt down before him, saying, "Noble Dauphin, I am Joan the Maid. I am sent to you by the King of Heaven to tell you that you shall be crowned at Rheims, and shall be lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is King of France."

II

The Dauphin believed in Joan, and told her she should go with his army to save the town of Orleans from the English. They had been trying to take it for seven months.

Joan rode among the soldiers in white armour made of silver, with a white banner in her hand. She would never fight herself, and she never killed any man; but she was not afraid of going into danger.

First she sent a message to the English leaders, asking them to go away from Orleans, and to give up the towns they held, since she had been sent by God to drive them all forth out of France. Then, as they only answered by abuse of her, calling her a witch, she led her soldiers to the attack.

In her shining white armour the soldiers could see her from far off. She stood with her banner in her hand at the edge of the moat, calling to the French



to come on, for all was theirs, and to the English to give themselves up, for God was with her.

Arrows and bolts filled the air round her, and once an arrow struck her in the shoulder ; but she pulled it out herself from the wound, and went back into the fight.

Orleans was won by the French, and the English were forced to retreat.

Then Joan led her King to be crowned at Rheims ; and when that was over, she fell at his feet, and asked that she might go home, for her work was done. She had been told by the voice that she was to save Orleans, and to take the Dauphin to be crowned King at Rheims. This was done. She had no more to do among them.

But the King would not let her go ; he wanted her still to stay and help him. She did as he wished, though she no longer felt sure of victory as she had been before. She believed she would fall into the enemy's hands ; and she was right, for one day she was made prisoner by some troops of the Duke of Burgundy.

They took her to Rouen, and she was tried there by men who wished to prove that she was a witch. She was kept in chains, and at last they burnt her in the market-place at Rouen.

When they took her out to be burnt, she asked for a cross ; there was none at

hand; but an English soldier broke a stick, and tied the two pieces together, and gave it her to hold.

Then they brought a torch, and set fire to the faggots heaped about the foot of the high scaffold, where she stood. The flames leapt up, and the smoke rose in the air, and the young form of the Maid was hidden.

Then suddenly in the silence, out of the cloud of smoke and out of the heart of the fire, there came a great cry, which was heard by all the people gathered in the market-place: "My voices were of God! They have not deceived me!"



Columbus

A Hero of Spain

I



CHRISTOPHER Columbus was born in Italy, in Genoa by the sea; and there he lived till he was fourteen years old.

He did lessons, just as you do; he learnt to read and to write, to do sums, and to draw; but the lesson he liked best was geography. Nothing gave him so much joy as to hear tales about foreign lands; and he was always trying to make maps of countries.

At that time people knew far less about the world than we do now. No one had ever sailed all round it; no one knew for certain the shapes, or the length and breadth, of the lands and seas.

India was known; and a great many things, used and prized in Europe, were brought in ships from India, such as silks, gums, perfumes, and precious stones. But the ships could only bring them as far as the Red Sea; there everything had to be taken from the ships, put on camels, and brought through Egypt.

This was far more troublesome and far more costly than if the goods could have stayed in the ships for the whole journey. So many a wise and thoughtful man was trying hard to find a way to reach India by sea.

There was a Prince in Portugal, called Henry the Navigator, whose mother was a daughter of an English prince. He brought learned men and great sailors together, and tried with their help to find a way round the south of Africa to India.

They found the way in the end, but not till after Prince Henry was dead; for the sailors he sent were at first so filled with fear, when they got into strange

seas, that they used to turn back homeward as soon as they lost sight of the coast.

When Columbus was fourteen, he went to sea in a ship belonging to his uncle. Several times he fought in the sea-fights which were always going on between different states in the Great Sea. All the while he kept one dream in his heart : this was to sail to India, but not Prince Henry's way, round Africa.

Columbus thought that, if he sailed straight away into the West, he would come first to some islands, and then to the other side of India, for he supposed the world to be much smaller than it is. He did not dream that an unknown continent, the continent of America, lay between India and Europe, and thought that India stretched to where America is.

He went to Portugal, and lived in that country by selling the maps he made ; and he tried to persuade the King to give him ships to cross the western seas, and

so find a new sea-way for the trade of Portugal. But the King had spent much money on the African journeys, and had very little left ; nor did he really believe in Columbus's plans.

So after some time Columbus gave up hope, and went to Spain to ask King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, who reigned there, to help him.

It was a long time before he could persuade the King's councillors to listen to him. Seven years he waited ; and when at last they did listen, many learned men came forward to say that his ideas were quite wrong, and that his plan was impossible.

It was a kind priest at last who brought him to Queen Isabella. When she heard his story, she was so moved by it, that she offered all her jewels to be sold, to pay for his ships. Thus Columbus, after many years of waiting, got his way in the end.

II

One fine summer day Columbus started from Spain with three small ships. All the men he took with him were excited at the thought of the new country they were to discover; and the King had offered a noble pension to the first man who should see land.

The first part of the voyage was known to them already; but after they had left the Canary Islands behind, all was strange, all unknown. Fear grew daily on the sailors, and with their fear a great sadness.

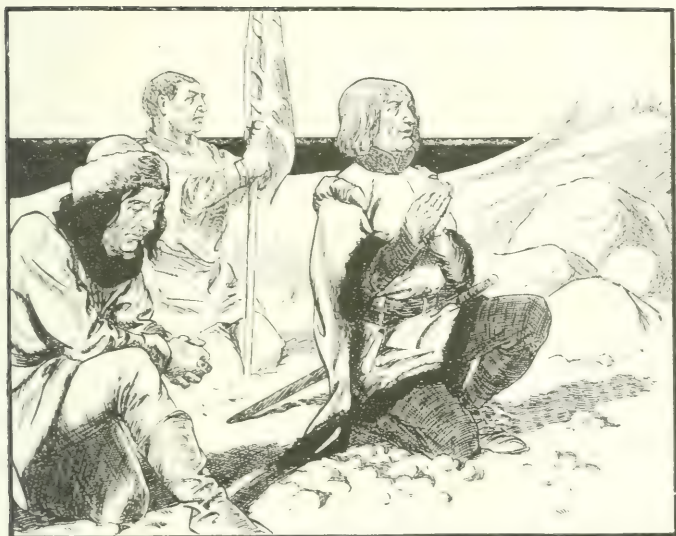
They thought they would never see home again. Nothing could cheer their hearts, not even the tales Columbus told them of the wonderful countries they were going to reach, and all the gold and land that he would give them then.

But one day, in the midst of the lonely sea, of which their eyes were so weary, they saw some little birds; and the birds flew on ahead of them. This sight



wonderfully cheered them; for they felt that small birds would not be able to fly far; and these had sung to them, and so could not even be tired by the distance they had travelled.

At last one evening, while Columbus was studying his map, he heard a cry from one of the other ships: "Land! land!" The sailors eagerly climbed up the rigging to look, crying out and singing for joy. But when morning came there was no



land, after all. It was all a mistake, they had seen nothing but a cloud; and the sailors grew sadder than ever.

Still they sailed on and on to the west, and every day they saw something fresh that told them of nearing land. Now it was a branch from a thorn, covered with berries; now fresh river weeds; and now a staff with carving on it. After that Columbus knew that the land must be very near, though none could yet be seen.

No one slept that night ; every one was watching. About ten o'clock Columbus thought he saw a light ; and he called first one man and then another, and both saw it too. It looked like the light of a torch carried in some one's hand ; and suddenly it went out.

Very early in the morning, as dawn broke, land appeared. The ships had come quite close to it in the darkness, and when the day came, the sailors took boats and rowed ashore.

Then Columbus fell down on his knees and kissed the earth. All his men knelt round him, while they thanked God for bringing them safe to this new country, where no man of their race had ever been before.

Soon the natives of the place began to come up. They had never seen white men before, nor ships, which they thought were strange monsters. They wore no clothes, and they were gentle in their manners, and friendly to the strangers.

Columbus called them Indians, for he thought that it was India he had reached.

So Columbus went back to Spain with his ships, to tell the King and Queen what he had discovered; and they made much of him, and gave him many presents and honours, and this motto: "To Castile and Leon Columbus gave a new world." Castile and Leon were the chief parts of Spain.

To that New World, afterwards called America from the name of another sailor, named Amerigo, Columbus made three more voyages. He left Spaniards there in various places, to build cities and to mine for gold.

But he himself got no riches from all his labours; and King Ferdinand was ungrateful to him in his old age, in spite of the glory he had given to Spain.

Bayard

A Hero of France

I



THE Chevalier Bayard was a very brave knight, who lived in France four hundred years ago, and spent almost his whole life in battles and fighting. Yet he was always kind and gentle to the weak.

He did not care about money or honours for himself, but he did care greatly to do what was right and just. When he died, fighting for his country, every one was very unhappy.

When he was a little boy, he was taught by his father how to ride and use arms well. At seventeen he fought in his first tournament. Tournaments were great shows at which men fought for prizes. They were held in an open place



"HE WAS A 'GELYHOUNE' IN ATTEMPT."

See page 11.

called the lists, with an opening at each end, and seats all round.

One knight would offer to defend the lists; and any one who liked could always challenge him to a fight on horseback with long lances. The people looking on cheered the winner, and the prizes were given by a lady who was called the Queen of Beauty.

Bayard won several fights of this kind; but he would not take the prizes for himself, but gave them to other people who had fought well.

The King of France began a war against Italy, and Bayard went with him across the Alps. In these Italian wars Bayard was given the name of the Knight "without fear and without reproach," which meant that he was too brave to be afraid, and too noble to do any wrong.

He was so brave that all the best soldiers in the army tried to serve under him, and always did their very best when

he was leading them, and so he was very seldom beaten.

Once his camp was attacked by a large body of Spaniards, and would have been lost if Bayard had not rushed to the end of a bridge with only a few men, and stopped the Spaniards crossing it till help arrived. He always rode last when the danger was from behind.

He was a "greyhound in attack, a wild boar in defence, and a wolf in retreat."

At a town which the French were trying to take, Bayard was the first man to leap up on the rampart, crying, "In, comrades, in! We have them! March! Everything is overcome."

He was so badly wounded that he told them to go on and leave him, for he must die. But two archers lifted him up, and bore him on a door to the nearest house, where they carried him in, and laid him down.

The lady of the house was hiding in a hay-loft, with her two daughters, all

very much afraid of the French. When she saw a wounded knight being carried in, she came down, to try to help him, only begging him in return to save her and her daughters.

And so he did, for when he went away after four weeks, though the house and all the lady's money belonged to him by the rules of war, he would take nothing from her. When she brought him money, he gave it all back to the two girls, who had helped to make the time pass quickly when he was ill, by singing and playing to him.

They worked a purse and some bracelets for him, and when he went away, he said he would wear them as long as they lasted.

He rode away in a great hurry, for he was afraid there would be another battle before he was well enough to fight in it. Battles, and the honour he might win in them, were very dear to him.

II

Bayard came to England once, and stayed at the English Court. Our King Henry the Eighth knew him, and wanted him very much to come and fight for him, and made him great offers of rank and honour, if he would come.

But Bayard always refused to fight for any but his own country, saying he had but one master in Heaven, who was God, and one on earth, who was the King of France, and that he would serve no other.

When the French King Francis was marching against Italy, the Swiss were waiting in the passes of the Alps, ready to fall on the French. But a very clever engineer found a new path, where horsemen might go safely; and Bayard led a thousand men through it, so quickly, that the enemy could not believe it.

Bayard caught the Italian general and his army, when they were quietly eating

their dinners and not thinking the French had started. He took them all prisoners. The rest of the army followed, and there was a great battle.

When it was over, and the French had won, the young King came to Bayard and asked him to make him a Knight on the field of battle. Bayard thought it was too great an honour for him ; but the King would be knighted by no one but the man who was without fear and without reproach. So he knelt down, and Bayard touched him on the shoulder with his sword, saying, "God grant that in battle you may never flee."

King Francis chose him as his best soldier and the noblest of his knights. But Bayard did other things besides fighting.

When the plague, a very terrible illness, came to his French home, he went about among the poor sick people, taking care of them himself, bringing doctors, and paying for their medicine.



He was never in the least afraid for himself, but thought all the time of other people.

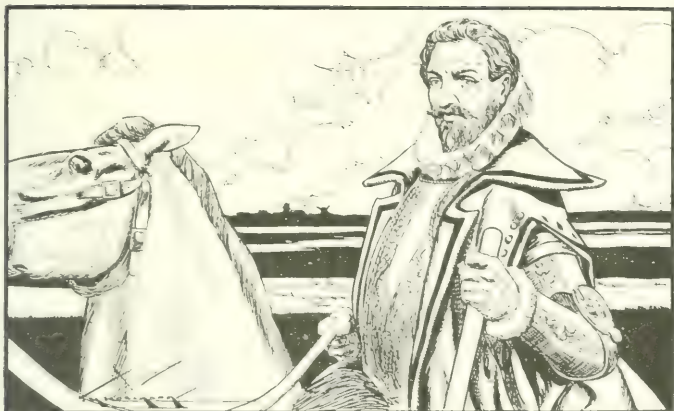
After this came his last fight. One of the great French nobles, who thought that King Francis had been unjust to him, went over to his enemies, and led an army against France. The French were driven back, and Bayard took command

of the rear-guard, so that the rest could get away safely.

He was hit by a musket shot, and made his men leave him behind, propped against a tree with his face towards the enemy.

When the enemy came up, they were very unhappy, for even his enemies admired and loved Bayard, and they did everything they could for him. The French lord came by, and, full of pity, offered to help Bayard ; but Bayard sent him away, saying, "I die happily as a true knight should, and do not want pity from a traitor to his country."

He died nobly as he had lived, and all France grieved for his death. No one had been so mourned for a hundred years as this brave man. He had no great honours, or riches, or position, but was only a simple captain, who did noble things because he felt them to be his duty, and looked for no reward.



William the Silent

A Hero of Holland

I



DO you know how to keep a secret? Can you not only hide the secret itself, but hide that there is any secret to be kept? It is a very difficult thing to do, and a very useful one. Prince William of Orange earned the name of the Silent, not because he never talked, but because he kept secrets so well.

When William was a boy he was page to the great Emperor Charles the Fifth. Charles ruled over many lands, among them the Low Countries, so called because they were at the level of the sea. The Emperor loved him, and kept him by him always; so that he learnt, when very young, to notice how a kingdom is governed.

He would watch the things that men did, and consider why they did them; and he grew up at the court wise and prudent, till the Emperor sent him as a quite young man to be general of his army on the French border. Later on, he was sent to France, to arrange terms of peace.

One day, while he was there, he went hunting with the French King; and in the chase they were parted from all their followers, and left quite alone. Then the King of France, feeling sure that William would agree with him, began eagerly to talk to him of a most secret plan which he and the Emperor were

making. It was a plan to kill a great number of people whom they disliked.

William was terribly shocked, and made up his mind to try to save the poor people. But he said nothing of this to the King, and his face showed nothing either. William was silent, and his silence saved many people's lives.

When the Emperor's son Philip became King of Spain, he sent orders to William's land, that people who refused to go to Roman Catholic churches should be put to death. There were great riots in the towns, and William wrote to King Philip begging him to withdraw the orders; but he would not do so.

Then some of the nobles, who were against the King, formed a party calling themselves the Beggars, a name with which they had been mocked. Wild with terror and fury, a small body of men broke into the churches, tearing down and destroying all the pictures and statues they found in them.



William helped to punish them ; but he was sure by this time that the King would take all liberty of every sort away from the country.

Philip sent the Duke of Alva with a great army to punish the people. In the great square at Brussels Alva cut off the heads of two great nobles, the Counts Egmont and Horn, who had always tried to serve the King and to make him

understand his people's wants. Then there began a time of dreadful trouble. In a few days 1,800 people were put to death.

II

William of Orange and the Beggars took arms in defence of the country. They could not do much for some time ; for the Spanish army in the country was large, and they had little money.

There was a city called Leyden, on the banks of the Rhine near the sea, which determined to hold out against the Spaniards. William could not come at once and help the people of Leyden ; but he sent them word that, if they could hold out for three months, he would come to their rescue.

There were no regular soldiers in the city, but every man turned soldier for the time. The people brought all their food into a common stock, from which every one was given a daily portion.

The city was closely shut in, and it was very seldom that a messenger could get out or in ; but they sent letters tied under the wings of carrier pigeons, which flew to and fro.

When three months were past, all the bread was eaten, and there was only a little malt cake left. A message was sent to William, to say that the time was up, and if in four days he could not come to their help, they must give up the city.

William was ill ; but he said nothing about this, for fear it should make the people down-hearted. Only he begged them to hold out still a little longer, and help should surely come.

His plan was this : His army was too small to fight against the great Spanish force ; but he meant to break down the high banks, which kept the sea from flooding all the flat land round Leyden. Then, when the water rose high enough to drive away the Spaniards, he meant to

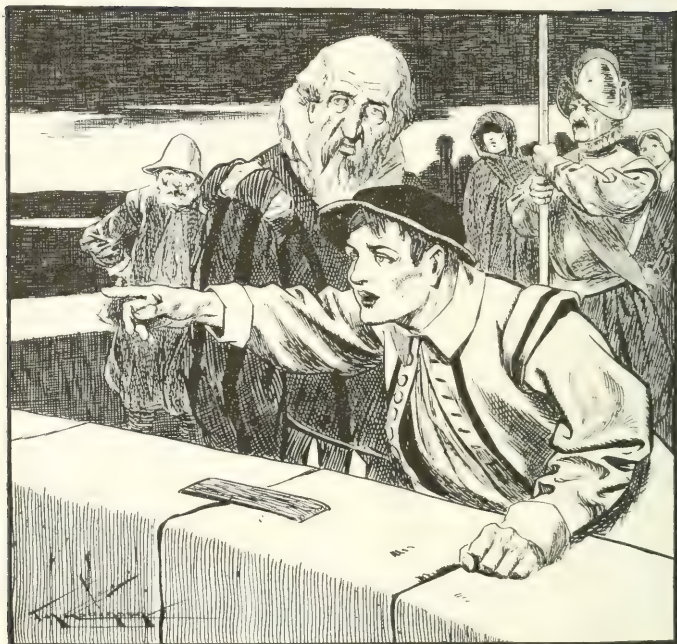
sail to the town with many ships, bringing plenty of food.

The Prince's letter was read aloud in the market-place, and the soldiers fired salutes from the guns, and bands played music through all the streets to cheer the people, and help them to stand firm.

The Spaniards were very much astonished to hear these cheerful noises. They laughed at the thought of William being able to flood the whole country.

Even some of the people did not believe it possible. Day after day men watched from the top of the old city tower, hoping and praying that they might see the great waters coming, which should be the sign of their relief.

At last, in the darkness of the night, they could hear distant guns, and see distant lights. The fleet had started. Then all was quiet and silent again. No news came; only the wind blew against the ships, and the people could see the water slowly sinking.



They were starving ; there was no food left ; but they vowed they would rather all die than yield.

Then, on a night of the autumn high tides, there rose a great storm with a gale from the west. The sea poured in fury over the land, and the ships sailed on over the flooded fields.



The people of Leyden waited, wild with fear and hope. They could see a low line of lights rise from the big Spanish fort, close to the city across the water.

Suddenly, with a great crash, one long side of the city wall fell down. But no Spaniards marched in. In the darkness,

frightened by the rising water, they had all fled. Now the people had only to welcome their helpers, who sailed up to the quays, throwing bread to the starving men and women as they came near.

Then every living person within the walls went to the great church to thank God for saving them, and to sing a great hymn of thanksgiving.

The carrier pigeons which had brought letters were petted and made much of. When they died their little stuffed bodies were carefully kept in the town hall. You may see them there now.

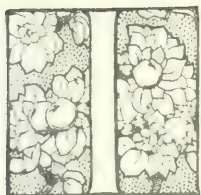
After this the power of the Spaniards was broken. Little by little the Dutch States gained their freedom. Later on they agreed to be one State together, with the chief power in the hands of the Prince of Orange, who was called the guardian of the States.

The great-grandson of this William the Silent became our King William the Third.

Napoleon

A Hero of France

I



SUPPOSE all the children who read this story have heard about Waterloo, the great battle which the English and the Prussians fought nearly a hundred years ago against the French. In that battle Napoleon, who had won so many fights, was at last defeated.

A hundred years ago English children knew about him very well. When they were little babies, their nurses would tell them that, if they were not good, Boney would come and take them.

Not only children, but grown-up men were afraid that some day he would



"WITH CHEERS THEY FOLLOWED HIM UNDER THE DEADLY FIRE,"

[See page 95.]

come and invade our shores. All along our south coast the men who had not already gone to fight against him made themselves ready to hurry to the forts, in case the news should come that Napoleon had sailed for England.

He had conquered nearly all the rest of Europe; but we lived in an island, and the sea protected us.

Think how terribly exciting life must have been!

When Napoleon was a boy, there were great troubles in France. The people, who had for a long time been ill treated, rose up against the king, and first imprisoned and then killed both him and the queen.

After that there was much fighting and quarrelling. One day a man would have great power, and all the people would cheer him; the next day they would yell and rave against him, and his head would be cut off.

Napoleon was a young soldier, nine-

teen years old, when these dreadful doings began. Ten years afterwards he was the ruler of France.

You may wonder what kind of a man this was who could rise so soon to such great power, though he was poor and had no money to help him. He was small in figure; with a beautiful face and a smile which charmed. But he had a very strong will; he worked very hard, scarcely taking time for meals; and nothing was too small for him to attend to.

No one else had so strong a will, and therefore he made others do what he wished. As he became more powerful, he became more selfish, and was often cruel.

I will tell you two things he did, which show how he could lead men even against their will.

When he was first made a general, he was twenty-six. He was leading the French army against the Austrians in

Italy. At a place called Arcola there was a bridge over which the French had to pass; but at the other end were the Austrian cannons, which mowed them down whenever they tried to cross. They refused to try again, since so many had died.

Then Napoleon snatched a flag from the soldier who bore it, and, rushing on to the bridge, called on his men to follow. With cheers they followed him under the deadly fire, and the Austrians were swept aside. Napoleon was untouched and unwounded, and all through his life after this he believed that he could never be hurt in battle.

The other time was many years later, when he was hurrying with his army back from Spain. He was now Emperor, had conquered in battle nearly all Europe, and had made his brothers kings.

One of them was made King of Spain, but the Spaniards hated the French, and would not take their new king. They



were helped by the English, so Napoleon went to Spain to drive out the English and subdue the country.

Going to pursue the English army, he had to cross the mountains. It was winter, and the snow lay deep. Men and horses could hardly struggle on with the heavy cannon. At last they stopped. They told Napoleon that it was impossible to go farther.

He was very angry. He rushed to the head of the army, and, walking with the soldiers through the snow, so roused and stirred them, that what had seemed impossible now seemed easy, and the pass was crossed.

But he did not drive the English into the sea as he meant to do, for news came that war had broken out in Austria, and he hurried his army there.

II

After that Napoleon won more victories, and was more feared than ever, though the tide was beginning to turn against him. In the end it was the snow and the winter which was to baffle and injure him, more than any enemy.

He marched with his great army of five hundred thousand men into Russia. But there was no army sent against him. He saw nothing but miles of bare country, and there was no food for his men.

At last they reached Moscow, the old capital of Russia, with its glittering domes and many-coloured walls. But they entered into deserted streets. Every one had left the city. At night fires broke out in the buildings, and the whole great city burned. Napoleon watched the flames. Then he ordered a retreat.

Winter was coming on, and suddenly the cold became terrible. The roads were sheets of ice, and in one week nearly all the horses died. The soldiers trudged on, limp and starving.

All the while the Russians were behind them, coming out of the snow and mist to attack them, then disappearing, and attacking again. So, as they marched, the line grew thinner and thinner, and thousands fell on the road, killed by frost, disease, and hunger. Few indeed of that vast army reached home.

Napoleon had hurried on to Paris, and tried to collect a new army, but

in vain. All Europe took heart at his misfortune, and united against him.

Even in France, they were weary of war and of glory. Half the young men of the country had fallen in battle. Napoleon had made war for his own glory, and no longer, as at first, to save France. So the people sent for the brother of their old King to come and rule over them. Napoleon was forced to give up all, and go away to a little island near Italy.

But next year he came back, and his old soldiers quickly gathered round him. They had always hoped to fight again under him. They used to wear violets, his favourite flower, and whisper to each other, "To return in the spring." And with the spring he came.

But now all Europe was roused. Our great soldier, Wellington, who had driven the French out of Spain, was sent against Napoleon. At Waterloo, near Brussels, on a Sunday in June, one of the greatest

battles of the world was fought. The English were helped by Belgians and Prussians; and by evening the French were beaten, and Napoleon had fled.

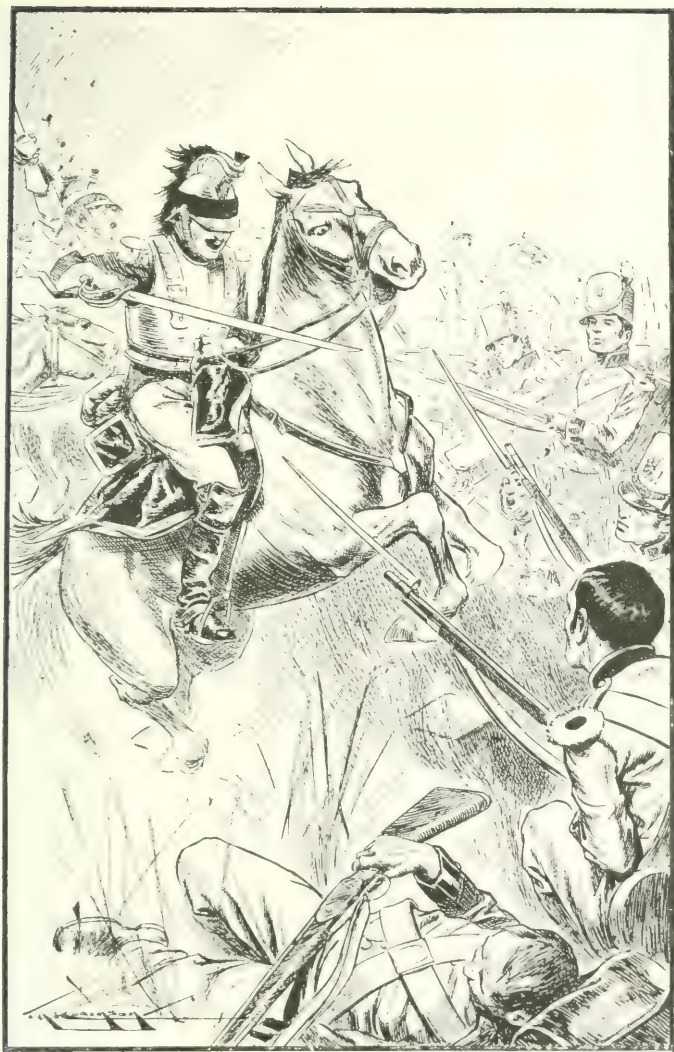
All his life Napoleon had wanted to conquer and humble England. But the sea, and Nelson with his ships, had protected us. Now he threw himself on the mercy of the English, and wished to come and live among us as a citizen.

He was brought to Plymouth on an English man-of-war. Our grandfathers, when they were children, may have seen him standing at the ship's side, and looking at the shores of that country which he had meant to invade as a conqueror.

But England and all Europe feared him still. He was not allowed to land, and was sent far away across the ocean, to the little lonely island of St. Helena.

There he died.

Though Napoleon won most fame as a soldier, he did many things to make



“At Waterloo . . . one of the greatest battles of the world was fought.”

France a well-governed land. The French, remembering all the great things he had done, sent to St. Helena for his body. They built a great tomb for it under the dome of the Hospital of Old Soldiers, in the Paris where he had sprung to fame.



Elizabeth Fry

A Heroine of England

I



LIZABETH Fry lived about a hundred years ago. She belonged to the Quakers, people who lived quiet lives, and dressed very plainly.

When she was grown up and married, she used to dress in a plain cap or bonnet and a dull coloured dress, such as the Quakers usually wore.

But when she was a young girl she loved bright colours. Then she lived in the country in Norfolk, with six sisters and five brothers. Her mother died when she was a child; her father let them do much as they liked; and I think they ran rather wild together, and had a very merry time.

They were fond of dancing and of riding; and Elizabeth—she was called Betsy—liked to wear a scarlet riding-

habit. She must have looked very pretty in it, I think, with her fluffy fair hair about her head.

One Sunday the seven sisters went as usual to "Meeting," which is what Quakers call their church, and sat in a row under the gallery. There was a special preacher that day, a man from America; and they were pleased to think it would be a change.

Betsy was often rather restless at Meeting, and on this day she was very much interested in her new smart boots, which were purple, laced with scarlet. She sat there putting out her foot and admiring the look of it.

But when the sermon began, she forgot her gay boots, and thought only of the preacher's words. After it was over, she went to see him at her uncle's house; and then in the evening to hear him preach again.

He made her feel that there are things in life that matter more than just enjoy-

ing oneself. In time she gave up her pretty clothes, and stayed away from dances ; not because these are wrong in themselves, but because she found that she liked them too much, and got too excited about them. They made her forget and dislike the duller things which it was her duty to do.

She married and went to live in London, and had children of her own ; and then she began the work which has made her name famous.

II

Prisons in those days were terrible places, and women's prisons were the most terrible of all. The women were all shut up together : those who had not been tried, and who perhaps had done nothing wrong, were put in the same room with those who had been very wicked. They had their little children with them, too ; and there was no one to teach them anything.

There were no beds or bedrooms, no

one to keep order, and nothing for the women to do. One of these places was so horrible that the governor of the prison did not like going into it himself, and begged Mrs. Fry to take off her watch before she went in, or it would certainly be snatched from her.

Mrs. Fry began by starting in a London prison a little school for the children. Then she read to the women and prayed with them ; and brought needlework to them to do, and clothes for the children.

She taught them to mend their own clothes, and to find something to do, and she and her friends went every day to the prison. At last it was no longer like a den of wild beasts, but a place of quiet work.

From London Mrs. Fry travelled about the country, seeing other prisons, and getting people everywhere to be interested, and to help in her good work. Afterwards she went to Russia and to France, and to Germany.

You can imagine how she helped all these poor women. She had a very sweet voice, and used to read the Bible aloud to the prisoners. When she went to such miserable places, her old merry temper must have helped her not to lose her courage, but to give some of it to people who were in sorrow and trouble and despair.

Mrs. Fry's work in the prisons was of very great use. It made people think, and they began to try to do something to make things better. So the name of Elizabeth Fry is remembered with honour.





Florence Nightingale

A Heroine of England

I



SOMETIMES, when you have not been well, you lie in your bed at night, feeling very miserable and tired, and yet very wide awake. As you are thinking that the night is very long, perhaps you look up, and see by the light of a lamp, which is shaded so as not to dazzle your eyes, your mother or your nurse standing by you, come to see if there is anything you want.

When you have seen her, is it not much easier to go to sleep, knowing that there is some one close by, watching over you and taking care of you ?

Not long ago there died a lady whom people called "The Lady with the Lamp." Hundreds of sick wounded soldiers saw her come very quietly to their beds in the night, with her little lamp, to see if she could help or comfort them.

Her name was Florence Nightingale ; and she nursed our soldiers in a great war we were waging against Russia. It is through her that there are so many good nurses to take care of us, when we are ill in England now.

When she was only a little girl, she loved looking after sick animals. There is a story of her finding a sheep-dog, whose leg had been hurt by boys throwing stones. Its master was very unhappy, because he thought it was so badly hurt that it would have to be



"SHE WOULD SPEAK TO ONE AND ANOTHER."

[See Page 113.]

killed ; but Florence was sure she could save it. She bathed and bandaged the leg so cleverly, that in a few days the dog was running about again.

She knew all the people in the cottages round her home ; and whenever any were ill, they always sent to her ; she was so gentle and so eager to make them well, and she had so wonderful a gift for nursing.

She was rich, and might have led a most happy, useful life at home ; but she felt that she was meant to be a nurse. So she went away to Germany to be taught ; for, seventy years ago, there was no place in England where she could be taught so well.

Florence Nightingale worked hard indeed in Germany. She had made up her mind to learn everything she could, and get to know her business from the beginning. From Germany she went to France to learn the ways of the French nurses.

II

Then the war broke out between England and France on one side, and Russia on the other.

It is very sad to think that our soldiers were sent out without any proper arrangements being made to nurse those who were wounded. The stores for the hospitals were wrongly packed and not looked after; and the doctors wrote home to England that they had nothing that they wanted, and that above everything else they wanted nurses.

So Florence Nightingale went to the war. She took with her thirty-eight nurses, and crossing to France, took ship for the Crimea—the part of Russia where the war was going on. At the French port the fisherwomen had been waiting for the boat to come in, and had fought for the honour of carrying the nurses' luggage to the train.

The nurses brought stores with them; and it was lucky that they did, for indeed

they were badly wanted at the Hospital. It was a big hospital ; but it was so full, that there were two rows of mattresses laid along all the corridors, with only just room for one person to pass between the sick men.

The cooking for the sick was wretched too. The men who were in charge of it put everything, meat and vegetables alike, into one large copper, and then boiled all together. Imagine how nasty everything must have tasted, some things not nearly cooked, and some cooked far too much.

Miss Nightingale changed everything. The cooking was properly done ; the invalids got clean shirts and sheets ; more nurses came to help ; and dreadful as the suffering and illness were, she helped the men to bear them.

One soldier wrote home and said in his letter : “ To see her pass is happiness. She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more ; but she

could not do it to all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds. But we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads upon the pillow again, content."

She stayed in the Crimea for more than a year, till all the hospitals were empty. She was ill herself while she was there; and after she came home, she was never very strong again. She had overdone herself with nursing and not thinking of her own health, when she could help others.

All the people of England put their money together to give her a present; and she chose to spend the money on a Nursing Home, where women might be trained as nurses. It is next to St. Thomas's Hospital in Westminster, by the Thames. The first thing which you see there, when you go in through the door, is a statue of Florence Nightingale. She is in her nurse's dress, as the soldiers used to see her, and in her hand she holds a little lamp.



Garibaldi

A Hero of Italy

I



DO not think any one I have told you about had a more exciting life than Garibaldi, which shows that there are still plenty of adventures to be had in the world, for it is not long since he died.

Garibaldi was a soldier and a leader of soldiers, and he had the good fortune to win freedom for his country from the strangers who were ruling over her.

When he was a little boy, Italy was not one kingdom as she is now, but was divided among a great many rulers, some of whom ruled very badly and cruelly.

Austria ruled one part in the north ; the Pope at Rome had great lands called the Papal States ; and at Naples there reigned a king who ruled worse than any one. The best men all over Italy were longing to send these rulers away, and to have one country and one king.

When Garibaldi grew up, he longed to fight for Italy ; but he did not get a chance for some time. The bad rulers knew that he wanted to turn them out, and would have killed him if he had not escaped.

He went far over the sea to South America, and fought there for some of the countries that were always at war with each other. He fought for them by land, riding long and far in pursuit of his foes ; and by sea, leading a little fleet of ships.



One day he was in a ship sailing along the coast, feeling very lonely, and wishing that he had a friend with him. He took up his spy-glass to look at a little white house on a hill, and saw in front of one of the houses a dark-haired girl.

He was rowed to land, went up into the town, and did not rest till he had found her. Though she could speak no Italian, he made her understand that he loved her. "You ought to be mine," he

said to her, and she left her home and her father, and sailed away with him.

She made him a splendid wife, stayed by his side even in battle, and never showed fear. When their first baby was born, Garibaldi would carry him on their long rides across country, tied round his neck in a scarf.

At last, after fourteen years, Garibaldi came back to Italy, where fighting against the Austrians had begun.

II

There was a new Pope in Rome, who wished to make things better. He set prisoners free, brought home men who had been sent away, and allowed men to write and say what they thought. All the people believed he would be the saviour of Italy. But he grew frightened lest things should go too far, and fled from Rome.

The Romans chose rulers for them-

selves, and Garibaldi went to Rome. But the Pope asked for help from other nations, and the French sent an army to take him back to Rome. The soldiers brought cannon against the city, and the Romans were in great danger.

Garibaldi met the French in a great fight. He and his men wore then for the first time, instead of uniforms, the red shirts which were called after him "Garibaldis."

In the middle of the fighting Anita his wife arrived. He had left her in safety in the north, but she could not bear to be away from her husband when he was in danger.

The two armies fought among houses which were turned to ruins by the French guns. The Italians were as brave as lions. One young man, his wounded arm in a sling, led a charge of horsemen through a garden gate and up a slope, under the fire of the French guns, to a house which they had been ordered to take.



Up the great flight of marble steps, the horsemen followed their leader in that wild gallop, and over his dead body they won the place. They did not fear death, for they loved their country more than life, and they were proud to suffer for her sake.

But the defence of the city was hopeless, and Garibaldi made up his mind to leave

it. He called his soldiers together and said to them, "I am going out from Rome. Let those who will still fight the stranger come with me. I offer neither pay nor food nor comfort; I offer hunger, thirst, battle, and death. Let him who truly loves his country follow me."

Four thousand men followed him, and his wife rode by his side. They marched through the mountains, going so fast that the Austrians, who came against them, could never quite cut them off. In the little friendly land of San Marino, Garibaldi disbanded his army and went on alone with only a few men towards Venice.

Anita was ill from her long march, but she clung to her husband. The Austrians closed in around them, and Garibaldi sent more and more of his men away as the danger came nearer.

At last he was alone with Anita and one friend, who had been wounded in the leg. The Austrians said that they

would put to death any man who helped them with bread, water, or shelter, and gave out that Garibaldi might be known by having with him a dying woman.

In spite of the threats and offered gold, no one was tempted to betray the hero of Italy. The peasants hid him till Anita died, and then guided him through the mountains to the sea.

There he took boat, and all that his guides asked as a reward was a piece of his handkerchief, as a token which they might leave to their children. They had risked everything to save him, believing that he might save Italy.

When he came again, years later, it was for victory. I told you Naples and Sicily were governed by a bad and cruel king. Garibaldi with only a thousand men marched against him, and by his good plans and bravery defeated him. Then he joined the king of a little state, and hailed him as King of Italy.

Only two great cities still stood apart,

Venice and Rome, and in a few years these two were joined to the kingdom.

The King of Italy lives in Rome now ; and when you go to Italy you may see, in the open square of almost every town, a statue of Garibaldi, the " Captain of the People," and one of the great makers of the new Italy.



Livingstone

A Hero of Africa

I



OLUMBUS, as we have already read, went in search of new countries through many dangers. We have men like him still, though so much more of the world is known.

This is the story of one of the greatest explorers, David Livingstone, who found out many new things in Central Africa. He was a missionary too, and taught the African tribes to know God.

Once a native chief, who had become a Christian, proposed to Livingstone a way to convert all his tribe at once. "Do you think you can make my people believe by talking to them?" he said. "I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them; and if you like, I shall call my head-man, and with our whips of

rhinoceros hide we will soon make them all believe together.”

Livingstone refused this offer, and tried hard to teach the people not to be cruel to each other.

He was a Scotsman, and had begun life as a cotton-spinner, working hard till he had saved enough money to support himself, while he was preparing to be a missionary. He learnt to be a doctor too, as he knew this would make him more useful in the wild countries where he hoped to go.

There is a story that the first time he was sent to preach a sermon, he broke down completely. He read his text, and then—no more words came. He had forgotten everything. “Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say,” he said, and hurrying out of the pulpit, he fled away.

But he preached many sermons after that.

When he first reached Africa, he found that nearly all the mission stations were

close to the Cape of Good Hope, while northward, where most of the native tribes lived, no one went at all. So he made up his mind to go among them. While he was waiting for orders from home, he travelled about, learning the language of the people, and making friends with them.

Once he was nearly killed by a lion, which sprang at him, and caught him by the shoulder, shaking him like a rat. Two of his servants ran up with guns and spears, and saved him only just in time.

On another journey a rhinoceros charged his waggon; and though Livingstone escaped himself, the big animal splintered the great wheel into matchwood.

II

In those days very little was known of the middle of Africa; but clever men thought, from the great rivers that flowed out to the sea, that somewhere inland there must be a country of hills and



"IT WAS A TERRIBLE JOURNEY."

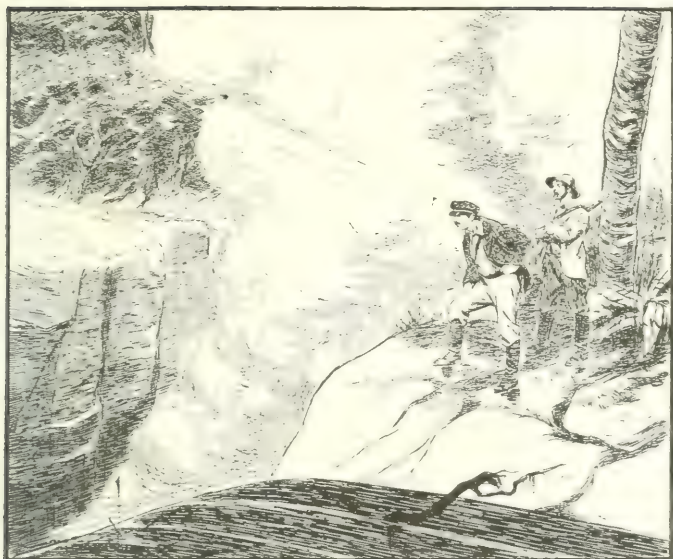
See page 128.

streams which fed the rivers. Livingstone felt that the best thing he could do for Africa was to explore this country, teaching as he went, but not settling down.

He started from the south of the continent with an Englishman and twenty-five natives, to cross a great desert which lay to the north-west; but they were obliged to turn back for want of water.

They started again, however, and this time reached the West Coast. It was a terrible journey. Much of the country was marshy, and they had many attacks of fever. Once they were so badly in want of food, that Livingstone's guide came to him in great triumph, when he had caught a mole and two mice for him to eat.

On this journey Livingstone first met strings of slaves tied by cords round their necks, and marching to be sold at the coast. Always, if possible, he set them free. Sometimes the slave-drivers fled when they saw him; and so great



was the power of his presence, that sometimes, if he merely ordered them to let the slaves go, they would do it.

When he reached the coast, he was so ill that the captain of an English ship there begged him to come home to England; but he would not leave his men to struggle back alone. As soon as he was well enough, they started together to go back—this time not to the south, but across to the east.

On his way he came to the great waterfall which the Africans called the Sounding Smoke. The river Zambesi, a mile broad, narrows suddenly here to only thirty yards, and its waters dash down like a sounding smoke to 300 feet below. Livingstone called it the Victoria Falls, after Queen Victoria. He was the first white man to see the falls, but now a railway runs to them.

Then he went home to England, where he was made much of and given many honours. After a time the Government sent him out again to explore the river Zambesi.

III

The book which Livingstone wrote about his first journey had brought him money, and he spent it on a boat called the "Lady Nyassa," in which he could travel up the rivers.

His third great journey was in search of the sources of the great rivers, the

Nile and the Congo. He was fifty-three years old when he started on this, which was far the hardest of his journeys.

Almost from the beginning things went wrong. Nearly all the men he took with him turned out badly. Some he sent back because they treated his animals so cruelly that they died. Ten of them, frightened at stories of a savage tribe, whose country they must cross, deserted and ran away.

These stories were not true; they were told them by an Arab slaver who feared that Livingstone would stop his trade in slaves, and who wanted to prevent him from going any farther. But he went on, with the few men who were faithful to him. They had very little to eat, and no medicine against fever, as the medicine-chest had been stolen; and often they had to wade for hours through the marshes.

Livingstone found the source of the Congo in his long travels; but he was

often ill, and very sad at the terrible slave trade he saw so much of. Once he met a line of slaves singing as they went ; and when he listened, he found that their cheerfulness was caused by the thought that, when they died, their spirits would return to haunt and torment their cruel masters.

Livingstone helped all he could ; and he wrote back letters to England, which roused our Government to fight against the terrible slave trade, and in time stop it.

Meanwhile, the runaway men had brought a story to Zanzibar on the East Coast of Africa, that Livingstone was dead. Every one there believed it, and the news was sent to England.

The papers were full of all that he had done, and of grief for his loss ; but one Englishman, who had travelled with Livingstone, would not believe the men's story. He went to Africa to find out the truth, and soon had proof that the

story was a lie, and that Livingstone had gone farther north.

Then an American sent out a party under another great explorer, Stanley, with stores and medicines. After much difficulty, more than six years after he had started, Stanley found Livingstone. Imagine how glad he must have been, after years of hardship and danger, to see a white man again and to have letters from home!

He was not fit for more travel, but when he had rested he insisted on again trying to find the source of the Nile, before he turned back to England. He was too ill, and on the march he dropped down dead.

Two of his faithful men carried his body back to Zanzibar, and it was brought to England and buried in Westminster Abbey. But his heart was buried, where his life-work was done, in Africa.



Gordon

A Hero of Egypt

I



ONE of the first things I can remember is the sound of men's voices crying loudly in the street, "Fall of Khartoum." Then some one came into the room, saying "Gordon is dead," and I felt that something very terrible had happened, though I did not quite understand it.

Charles Gordon was our general in Egypt; a brave soldier, and not only a soldier, but a good man.

He had been a very merry boy, fond of adventures and practical jokes. He was brought up among soldiers, and became a soldier himself when he was nineteen. His first sight of war was in the Crimea, where our soldiers and the French were fighting against the Russians.

He used to be sent on dangerous errands, to find out what the Russians would do next. One day, when he was going round the trenches, he heard two men, a corporal and a sapper of engineers, quarrelling.

He stopped to listen, and found that the corporal had ordered the other man to stand up on high where he could be seen, and hit by the enemy's guns. But the corporal himself stood down below in shelter, and handed up baskets holding earth for making a bank.

Gordon jumped up on the bank him-

self, at once, and ordered the corporal to come up beside him, while the sapper stood below and gave them the baskets. Neither of them was hit. When they had finished Gordon said to the corporal: "Never order a man to do anything that you are afraid to do yourself."

II

Afterwards Gordon went to China: war had been going on there for some years, but he arrived just as we were marching on Peking, the capital, to make the Chinese give up some English prisoners. These English were kept in Peking, in spite of a promise given by the Chinese Emperor, and cruelly treated.

When our soldiers had freed them, the General ordered that the Great Summer Palace of the Emperor should be destroyed, to punish him for allowing the cruelty and for breaking his word. The Palace was the most beautiful in the

world, and the soldiers spoilt or took away all the wonderful things in it. It made Gordon very sad to see all the beauty wasted.

Later on the Chinese Government asked the English to lend them a good captain, to help them to put down a rising of some rebels. These bad men went through the country, murdering the people in the villages, and burning the crops in the fields, so that the few people who were left alive died of starvation.

Gordon was sent. He always went unarmed himself, with nothing in his hand but a little cane, and he would lead his troops under the hottest fire quite calmly. The Chinese thought the cane was enchanted. They called it "Gordon's magic wand of victory."

The army given to Gordon was nothing but a rabble, but he taught it to obey him. He would not let the soldiers rob or plunder the villages. He could not bear

to think of the sufferings of the poor country people, and he went on fighting till he had put the rebellion down, promising the leaders their lives if they would submit to him.

But instead of this, the Chinese Governor put the men to death. This made Gordon very angry. He would not take the money the Chinese wished to give him; and indeed he left China poorer than when he went there, since he spent his money on helping the poor people.

Then for six years he lived at Gravesend, where he was most happy and did a great deal of good. He was very fond of little boys, and used to take in little waifs from the street, and feed and clothe them, and start them in life. A great many of them went into the Navy, and he had a big map hung up in his room, with pins to show where each one of them might be.

Then Gordon went to Egypt. The ruler of that country asked him to come, and

offered him £10,000 a year. But he would not take more than £2,000. He said he wanted to show the ruler that gold and silver were not worshipped by all the world, and that he did not want money which was ground out of the poor.

He tried very hard to put down the slave trade ; but the ruler had not given him enough power, and Gordon refused to stay unless he was able to do what he thought right. So he was made Governor-General of a great part of the country ; and he took prisoner the great slave-dealer who sold poor black people, and put him to death.

He used to go about the country alone on a very fast camel, and suddenly appear at places where they did not think it possible to see him. So he was feared by the people who did wrong, and loved by the poor whom he came to help.

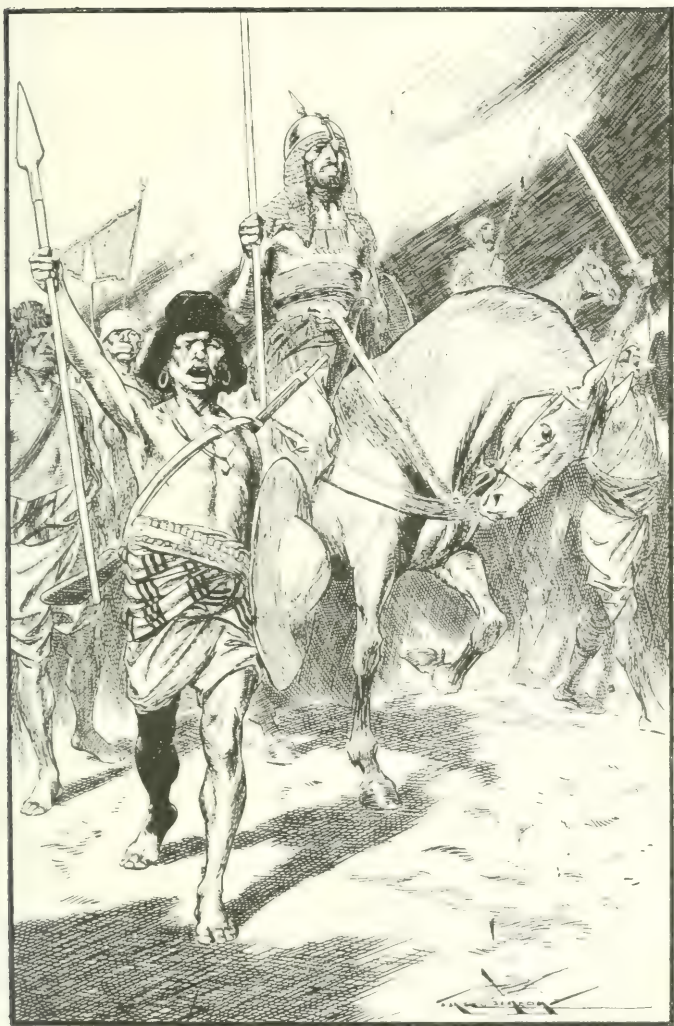
III

After Gordon left Egypt the slave trade began again, and the people became once more sad and wretched, because they were ill-treated. Then there rose up a leader who called himself the Mahdi, or Expected One, and said he was sent from Heaven to save them from their cruel rulers, and that he could never die.

The Mahdi and his followers were splendid fighters; and they killed the soldiers who were sent against them. More and more people joined them, till they were masters of the country.

The few English people left in Khartoum, the capital of that part of Egypt, said it was hopeless to keep any soldiers there any longer, and begged for orders to retreat, and leave it to the Mahdi. Gordon believed that if this happened all the land would go back to its old worst misery, and he was sure Khartoum must be defended.

So he went back at once, straight to



“The Mahdi and his followers were splendid fighters.”

Khartoum; and when the people heard he was coming they rejoiced indeed. "Gordon is coming to Khartoum." So the news was spread through the country, and then his own message came to cheer them: "You are men, not women. Be not afraid, I am coming."

When he reached Khartoum, the Mahdi came to the city with an immense army. Gordon, with his few soldiers, defended it bravely, and kept the Mahdi out. This went on for nearly a year, until the people in the city had hardly anything left to eat; but they knew that an English army was coming to help them.

From Khartoum Gordon sent his steamers down the river Nile, to try to meet the soldiers he was eagerly expecting; but one of them ran ashore, and nearly all the men in it were murdered.

Gordon wrote in his last letter that two hundred men would be enough if they came quickly. "If they do not come in ten days, the town may fall;"



and "I have done my best for the honour of my country."

He was the only Englishman left in Khartoum then, for the two who had been with him had gone down the Nile in the steamer, and had been murdered by the Arabs. He used to stand on a tower, looking out to the north for the help which had been promised him, and which he was never to see coming.

One day the Mahdi's troops made a great attack on the city, and Gordon could no longer keep them out. He was killed as he stood among his men on the steps of the Palace, unarmed himself, as he always was in battle.

As long as he lived he protected his people ; when he died, a great number were killed and the city was burnt. Now Khartoum has been built up again, and is a large and beautiful town ; the English rule in the place where Gordon fell, and the country is peaceful once more.

His statue stands in the market-place, and the great Gordon College, built in memory of him. There the little native boys are taught. But he needs no statue or building to keep his memory green. England and Egypt will remember always the man who feared no danger, nor death itself, because he knew that God was on his side.

